

O A T E S

W E L L T H R E S H ' T .

*Being a Dialogue of Country-make
Betwixt a Farmer, and his Man-Boy, Jack.
The Good Man, who had lost much by the Grain,
Hears Presbyter-Jack to Plead for it in vain.*

The Tune, Which no Body can deny, &c.

The Eurdien must be Twice Repeated.

Jack.

O Ur Oates, last Week not worth a Groat,
Have, Sir, (which all do wonder at)
Abomination thriv'd of late;
Which no Body can deny, Sir.

Master.

Be all the Tribe of Oates Accurs't,
And the Old Dotard too, that first
The Brat within his Hedges nurst,
And sow'd such Wicked Seed, Boy.

Jack.

Good Master, pray your Fury stop;
For, as the Saying is, I hope,
You'll shortly see a Doctor-Crop,
And many more besides, Sir.

Master.

A Curse on every thing, that's height Oates;
Both Old & Young, both Black & White Oates,
Both Long & Short, both Light & Tite Oates:
I hate the Viperous Breed, Boy.

Jack.

Your Oates, now Ripe, Sir, do appear;
For they begin to hang the Ear;
The Time of Cutting them draws near,
If my Skill fails me not, Sir.

Master.

Then down with 'em, and all their Train;
Let not a Blade of them remain,
Our poor Land to infect again;
'Tis pitty one should scape, Boy.

Jack.

Where shall I reek them, (the Sithe's Edge
They've felt) in Barn, or under Hedge?
For they are fit for Cart, or Sledge,
And a Roping only want, Sir.

Master.

E'en if thou wilt, lodge them in thy Barn;
For they shall ne'r come amongst my Corn:
Or Cart them, if thou wilt, to Tyburn;
And there too Truss them up, Boy.

Jack.

Th'are hous'd, Sir; But the *Trash* all Sense
Exceeds, that's in 'em: By what Means,
This *Filthy Oates* shall we ere cleanse?
From all that Roguish Stuff, Sir?

Master.

Go, get a pack of Sturdy Louts,
And let them lustily Thresh their Coats;
Too well you cannot Thresh *Damn'd Oates*;
Which no Body can deny, Boy.

Jack.

Th'are thresh't, & wimb'd, & made as clean,
As hands can do't; but all in vain:
For still *Base Oates* behind remain:
What shall we do with 'em, Sir?

Master.

Let 'em divided be (like *Martyrs*
Of *Royal Justice*) into *Quarters*;
Then ground in Mill, or bray'd in Mortars:
So Oates ought to be serv'd, Boy.

Jack.

How shall I use the Straw? 'Tis good
Only to cast out in the Road,
And under Foot to Dung be trod;
And there to lye and rot, Sir.

Master.

Burn't, like an Heretick, in Flame;
And Expiate so our Guilt and Shame,
For giving *Long-Tail'd Oates* such Fame,
Abhorr'd by all but us, Boy.

Beyond Sea th'are kick't out of Door;
But held with us *Here* in such Store,
That *Oates* we even do Adore:

But Curst be Oates, say I, Boy.

Jack.

What shall we now at last, Sir, do
With this *Same Pailtry Oates*, by You
So hated, and admired by few;
And those both Knaves and Fools, Sir.

Master.

Let *Oates* be cast to Ravenous Hogs,
Or ground for Meat for Hungry Dogs;
And no where Sown, but in deep Bogs,
Or Bottom of a Jakes, Boy.

Or to the Fowls o'the' Air be thrown,
By *Vermine* to be prey'd upon;
Or out o'th' World by Whirlwinds blown,
To th' Devil's Arse of Peak, Boy.

Let ev'ry Tongue, and Tail i'th' Ile,
Of Man, of Bird, of Beast, defile
Oates so Detestable, *Oates* so Vile;
And 'twill be so, thou'lt see, Boy.

Or if to Popery thou incline,
Thou shalt have *Oates* encag'd in a Shrine,
And shew about that *Trash* Divine;
And this will get thee Pence, Boy.

Jack.

Let it, Good Master, pray be so,
And I'll amongst the *Papists* go,
With my O rare Shite, & my O brave Show,
Till I a Pension get, Sir.

And then I'll Coach it up and down,
From Country, and from Town to Town;
Till o're the World I've made *Oates* known,
For a very R—— in Grain, Sir.

F I N I S.